

#25409

O D E.

[Price 3d.]



O D E

T O

WALTER HUSSEY, ESQ.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

SHAKESP.

D U B L I N.

THOMAS EWING.

MDCCLXXIV.



S I R,

THE LINES, WHICH I NOW TAKE THE liberty of addressing to You, owe their birth to no party-zeal, to no personal resentment; They were dictated solely by a tender and anxious regard to your reputation and honour, and a disinterested Love of my Country: of that Country, which now looks up to You for protection and redress; which delights to consider You, as one, whose abilities may prevent (or, at least defer) the ruin, to which she seems devoted; and in whose integrity she fondly trusts there is yet some solid foundation for Hope to build upon: Too often, alas! has she been de-

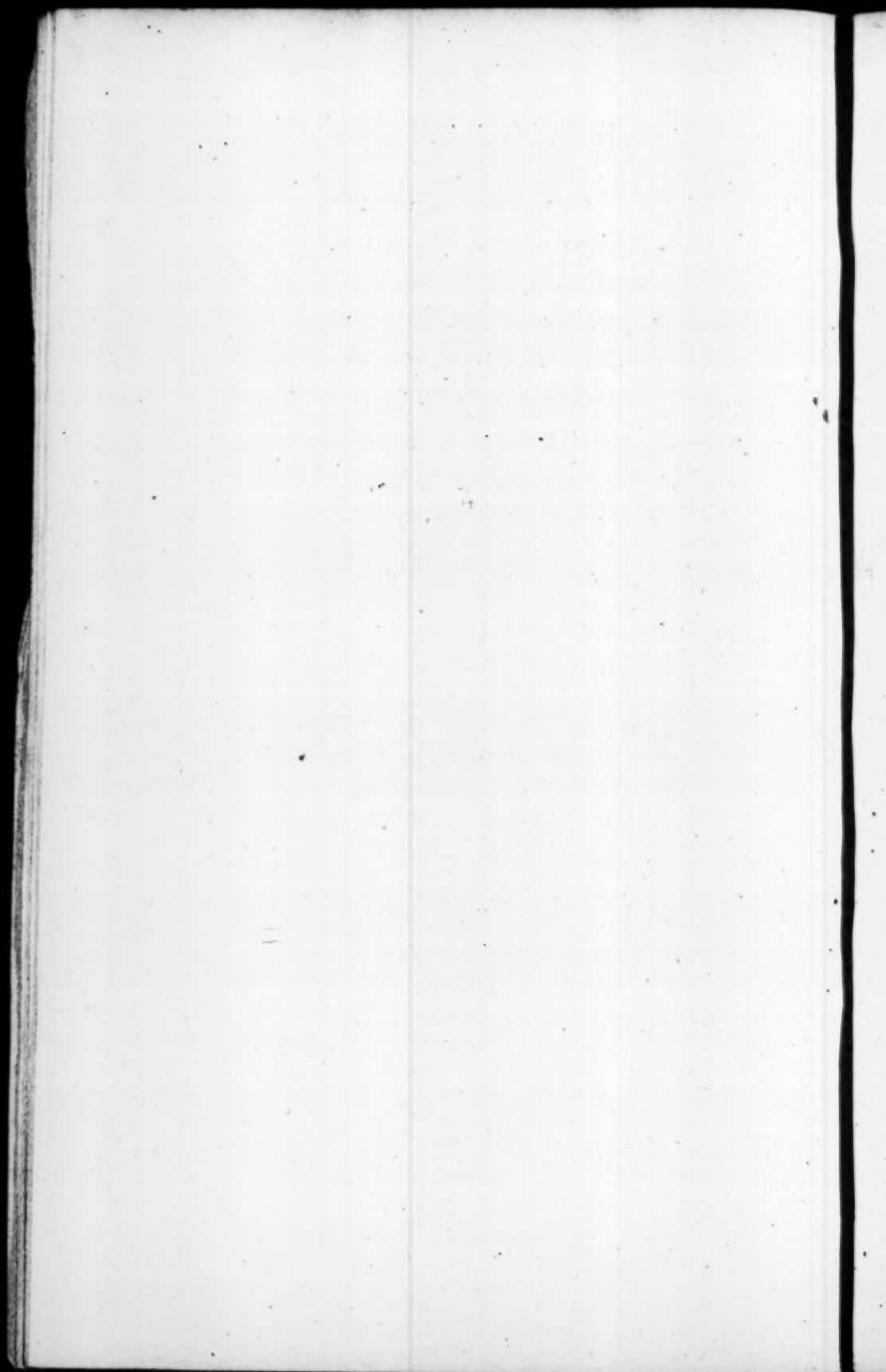
ceived in such expectations, but let her never enroll the name of HUSSEY in her list of parricides. Slight not this friendly admonition ; but suffer it, I pray you, to co-operate with that *still small voice*, to which, amidst the glare of wealth, the pride of power, and the tempest of ambition, every human heart must, at some times, of necessity attend. Recollect, from the history of all ages, the miserable, the humiliating situation of those wretches, who have basely deserted the public cause : One example may suffice ; and I chuse to bring it from a sister-kingdom, although our own annals might perhaps furnish one equally striking : Remember PULTENEY—and mark his portrait, thus drawn by a late historian, after his fall from honour : “ DESPISED BY HIS NEW
“ FRIENDS, AND DETESTED BY HIS
“ OLD, HE STANDS A SOLITARY
“ MONUMENT OF BLASTED POPULA-
“ RITY.”

That

DEDICATION. vii

That You, SIR, may never forfeit that place in the affection of your Country which You now so deservedly possess; and that, amidst the general depravity and defection of the present times, the name of HUSSEY may be handed down to a remote and a grateful posterity with uncontaminated honour, is the ardent wish of your sincere, but unknown friend,

THE AUTHOR.



O D E

TO WALTER HUSSEY, ESQ;

I. 1.

YES, HUSSEY, yes — the general voice,
Thy grateful country's loud acclaim,
May justly bid thy soul rejoice :—
For, sure, the breath of well-earn'd fame
Is sweetest to the patriot's ear,
When, in the Senate's arduous strife,
And in the walks of public life,
He steady holds his fair career,
And, rising in his country's cause,
Asserts her rights, her liberties and laws.

I. 2. So

I. 2.

So hast thou done : and, from the bough
 Belov'd of PALLAS, lo ! I twine
 The civic wreath around thy brow,
 And bid the sacred pledge be thine :
 For this, in freedom's elder days,
 In elder days of 'GREECE, the meed
 Of patriot zeal and worthy deed ;
 The badge of honourable praise ;
 When flam'd the public spirit high,
 And for his country each was taught to die.

I. 3.

The Muse inspir'd the choice :—The grove
 Where ALMA rears her laurel'd head
 Oft heard the reverend bards around,
 Uprising from the silent dead,
 Responsive pour the magic sound
 Which teacheth to deserve a grateful people's love :
 Not to the themes of trivial joy
 They swept the high-according strings,
 Nor to those objects, which employ
 The followers of little things,
 The dreams of idle power, or smiles of pageant kings.

II. 4. And

II. 1.

And thou, in boy-hoods, sportive day,
 Didst catch the sacred lesson well ;
 For oft, attentive to the lay
 Which pour'd abroad the ALCAIC shell,
 As the great master struck to shame
 The tyrants of his native land,
 Or prais'd the small but faithful band,
 Thy conscious eye was seen to flame,
 The honest tear was seen to roll,
 And the big passions seiz'd thy throbbing soul.

II. 2.

Nor let those passions, which the strain
 Had foster'd, perish :—Be thy pride
 With honest firmness to maintain
 The cause of Truth, and fix'd abide
 Within her rampart :—nor let gold
 Which draws the mercenary soul,
 Nor Syren ease, nor Circe's bowl,
 Nor aught Ambition can unfold,
 Warp thee !—O! better ne'er be born
 Than change fair fame for infamy and scorn.

II. 3. Now

II. 3.

Now turn thy pitying eye——Behold
 H I M, late his wondering country's boast,
 Whom every tongue conspir'd to praise,
 The leader of her patriot host,
 The father of her better days,
 The law-giver, the sage, the incorrupt, the bold ;
 Fallen——never more to rise :—the eye,
 The guilty eye betrays the shame ;
 Around his faded aspect fly
 The sordid passions, foul and tame,
 Which prompt for lucre vile to barter spotless fame.

III. 1.

Nor his the palliative plea
 Of stern Necessity, whose hand
 Compels to bend the firmest knee
 At dark Corruption's fell command :
 Unforc'd, and willing, H E withdrew——
 Paternal acres stretch'd abroad
 For him sustain'd the abundant load,
 While Fortune's blessings round him flew
 With liberal wing ; and o'er his head
 Fair INDEPENDENCE all her honours spread :

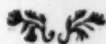
III. 2. H E

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HE spurn'd them all :—nor shall the Muse
 Forget the opprobrious deed ; to time
 Remote, indignant, she renews
 The memory of the apostate's crime,
 And to thy present eye displays
 The dread example——Mark thee well ;
 Nor let Ambition's subtle spell,
 Nor private Friendship's specious praise,
 Nor Power, nor Honour's gilded pride
 Catch thy uncautious eye to turn aside.

III. 3.

The Gods have given thee powers ; thy mind
 Feels their strong impulse ; nor shalt thou
 Abuse the sacred gift :—Alone
 And self-subsistent, round thy brow
 Shall flourish public honours : Shown
 Appendant to the weak, the wavering, and the blind,
 They wither from thy touch :—Thy fame
 Calls thee to INDEPENDENCE ; vain
 Thy efforts to support thy name,
 And thy fair laurels to maintain,
 If, roll'd with party's sons, thou followest LEINSTER's
 train.





Just published. Price 6d. halfp.

T W O

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

G R E E K.

DEDICATED TO

H***Y F***D, ESQ.

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